



Motorist. "WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THESE LITTLE TWO-SEATERS IS THAT ONE CAN SLIP IN AND OUT OF THE TRAFFIC SO EASILY."

### CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE describes the Durbar as "a glorified circus." And Mr. KEIR HARDIE knows what he is talking about, for it will be remembered that he played something rather like the clown in India himself.

"American Audiences," says Mr. JEROME K. JEROME, as reported in *The Daily Chronicle*, "are, on the whole, easier to make appeal to than English audiences. . . . They do not ask for forms and rules and dotted diagrams; they only ask to be interested." This accounts, we suppose, for the signal success, the other day, of the lynching of a negro on the stage of an Opera House in Kentucky.

England has hitherto been so free from the colour restrictions which prevail in America that we are sorry to read that the North-Eastern Railway Company has issued a circular prohibiting the carrying of chimney-sweeps in ordinary passenger carriages.

The Surrey County Council has passed a by-law making it an offence to use bad language in a house so that it can be heard by passers-by. It is thought that this give will an immense impetus to the movement in favour of sound-proof dwellings.

The National Theatre of Mexico, which is now nearing completion, has already cost over £2,000,000, and will, it is stated, be the finest theatre in the world. It is even said that the Revolution is merely being run to enable some interesting cinematograph pictures to be obtained for this new place of amusement.

Professor THOMAS SEE, the American astronomer, has declared it to be his absolute conviction that, wherever a star twinkles, there is life. We hope that steps will now be taken on the part of our planet to twinkle back.

While the Central London Railway is not prepared to fit up the Railophone to enable passengers to talk with persons at a distance, there is, we hear, some chance of its providing megaphones so that passengers sitting next to one another may converse and be heard above the roar of the train.

Much has been printed lately concerning "Underwriters' Risks." The risk of over-writing is also great, to judge by the way in which the sales of certain of our popular writers have fallen off recently.

It is rumoured that among the disappointed Liberal applicants for the office of Justice of the Peace is one

DAVID DAVIES, of Dartmoor and elsewhere, and this in spite of his considerable experience of judicial procedure.

In burgling circles very little has been discussed during the past week except the regrettable occurrence at Weybridge, where a poor housebreaker, feeling faint after he had finished his job, succumbed to the temptation afforded by some liqueurs, and was taken by the police in a drunken slumber in the house where he had been working. It is said that more burglars have taken the pledge during the last seven days than in any previous seven years.

"Wanted at once for permanent situation as Trapper, etc.," says an advertisement in *The Moray and Nairn Express*, "a man of between 25 and 35: man who can neither read nor write preferred." We foresee a little difficulty here in the search for the ideal type. How is the man to read the advertisement or write for the post? Has that ancient pleasantry—"Trespassers will be prosecuted; those who can't read apply at the blacksmith's"—only just penetrated so far North?

Headlines from *The Daily Mail*:—  
THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

REVOLT AGAINST MONOTONOUS ROWS. One certainly prefers variety in one's domestic quarrels.

## USES OF THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

THOMAS, I own it is a moving sight;  
I understand your dazing sense of stupor  
When you observe me in a newish light  
Posturing as a Crystal Palace super.

To one who knows my unassuming ways  
Nothing beneath the sun could well be droller  
I had my appearance in the festal maze,  
An ancient British warrior in a bowler.

Never before to-day have I been seen  
Immersed in purely histrionic wassails,  
Where 'neath Londinium's towers the tortured  
green

Thrills to the megaphone of Mr. LASCELLES.

Yet 'tis the Empire calls, and I must do  
Whate'er she asks me for the Great Idea;  
Must paint myself with woad till all is blue,  
And prance to battle under BOADICEA.

And there is Mabel. I am greatly cheered  
To see her from a local shrine emerge in  
A picture headpiece, having volunteered  
To come and figure as a Roman virgin.

She serves Diana's altar, I remark;  
And, suiting that vocation so ascotic, you 'll  
Notice her costume, fragrant of the Park,  
And, pendant at her knee, a monstrous reticule.

Thomas, if these rehearsals lend a flame  
To mould the links that Love so swiftly forges  
In those conditions, frank and free of shame,  
Which are the atmosphere of Thespian orgies,

Then, when the Pageant, at its final fling,  
Has left us warriors lying dead by sections,  
"Butchered to make" *et cetera*, I'll do a thing  
Uncontemplated by the stage directions:

I shall break in upon her virgin rites,  
Where smoke ascends before the plaster idol,  
And, having veiled my prehistoric tights,  
Carry her off to make a British bridal!

O. S.

## STORIES FOR UNCLES.

(Being Extracts from the MSS. of a Six-Year Niece.)

## NO. VIII.—THE SEAL'S WEDDING.

WEN the fishes wanted to hav a King they woodent hav the wale becos he was tu stupid he cood only make spouts of worter cum out of his nose and then evrybody new were he was and they woodent hav the shark becos he was tu crule he bites salers legs orf thers wun at Brighton got his leg bitn orf and peeple giv him pennies in a tin mugg.

Wel wen theyd told the wale and the shark they woodent hav them they sed lots chuse the seel and they chosed him dreckly and the seel was King of the Sea and he had a croun of korrls and a neckliss of perls and his septer was made of opels and emrilds and saphias his name was King Bartiman the ferst and he livd in a kristil palis and wen he wanted to see the wurd he got up on a rock and sat ther lukiug all round with his croun on his hed and all his other jools he was a verry magnisfant King and the name of his Vizzir was Musterpher but the King cald him Muster becos it was esier.

Wun day Musterpher kame to the King's palis jest wen

the King was geting out of bed and he sed to the King good moraing your magety.

Good morning Muster sed King Bartiman wot dyou wont.

Ive bin thinking your magety sed the Vizzir.

Oh sed the King wotve you bin thinking about.

I think your magety ort to be getting marrid sed Musterpher.

Wy sed the King lukiug verry angry at the same time dont you like me been a batshler.

No sed Musterpher I dont and sum peeple hav bin torking about it.

Whoos bin torking sed the King.

Wel sed Musterpher the wales bin torking I herd him yestday.

Wen the King herd this he was furus he tore round his palis and brok a lot of lukiug glarses and throd the sope and the spungis at Musterpher but Musterpher dident mind and at last the King sed your rite Muster Ill get marrid hav you got a wiph for me.

No sed Musterpher youd better clime up on your rock and see if you can find wun.

Wen the King got up on his rock he lukd round and at ferst he sor nothing but sea all round him but he went on siting ther and they brort him his brekfus and his dinner on the rock and then they brort him his super and he gobbeld it up quick so's not to miss enthing and at last jest befor it got dark he sor a sale on the rizen and it got biger and biger and wen it kame close up to the rock loan hold it was the biggest steemer in the wurd and the King cald out to it and sed stop imegatly and the steemer stopd.

Hav you got a prinsess on bord sed the King.

Yes we hav sed the kaptin wot about her.

I wont her sed the King Im going to marre her.

Alrite sed the kaptin you can hav her shes bin a lot of trubble and he told the salers to thro her over and the salers kort hold of her and thru her over.

Wen the King sor this he jumpd into the sea to ketch her but the prinsess had a magic cap on her hed and wen she sor the King cumming she changed herself into a wite bear and bit him becos she dident wont to marre a seel and then the King changed hisself into a lion and the prinsess bekam a tiger and so they went on for 2 hours and all the passinjers on the steemer lukd on and thort it grate fun and Musterpher kep on shouting to the King not to giv in but go on changing hisself as fast as he cood.

At last all the magics of the prinsess was finshd and the King kort her wen she was a parrit and he was a eegil and brort her back to his rock and she got back to been a prinsess and he got back to a seel and he sed will you marre me now.

No sed the prinsess I cant my father made me proms not to marre a seel.

Wel sed the seel Ive got wun magic left Ill make myself a prinse and then we can be marrid alrite then he blu 3 blos out of his mouth and wen hed dun he was a butifle prinse in gold cloths and a velvit cap with a long ploom and he tuk the prinsess in his arms and flu thru the air with her they landed in England and wer marrid on Munday with grate joicings they never sor the rock agen but the King herd arterwads that Musterpher had got hisself made King but he and the prinsess dident care they wer tu mutsh in luv and they bilt theirselves another palis in England and livd ther with thir famly.

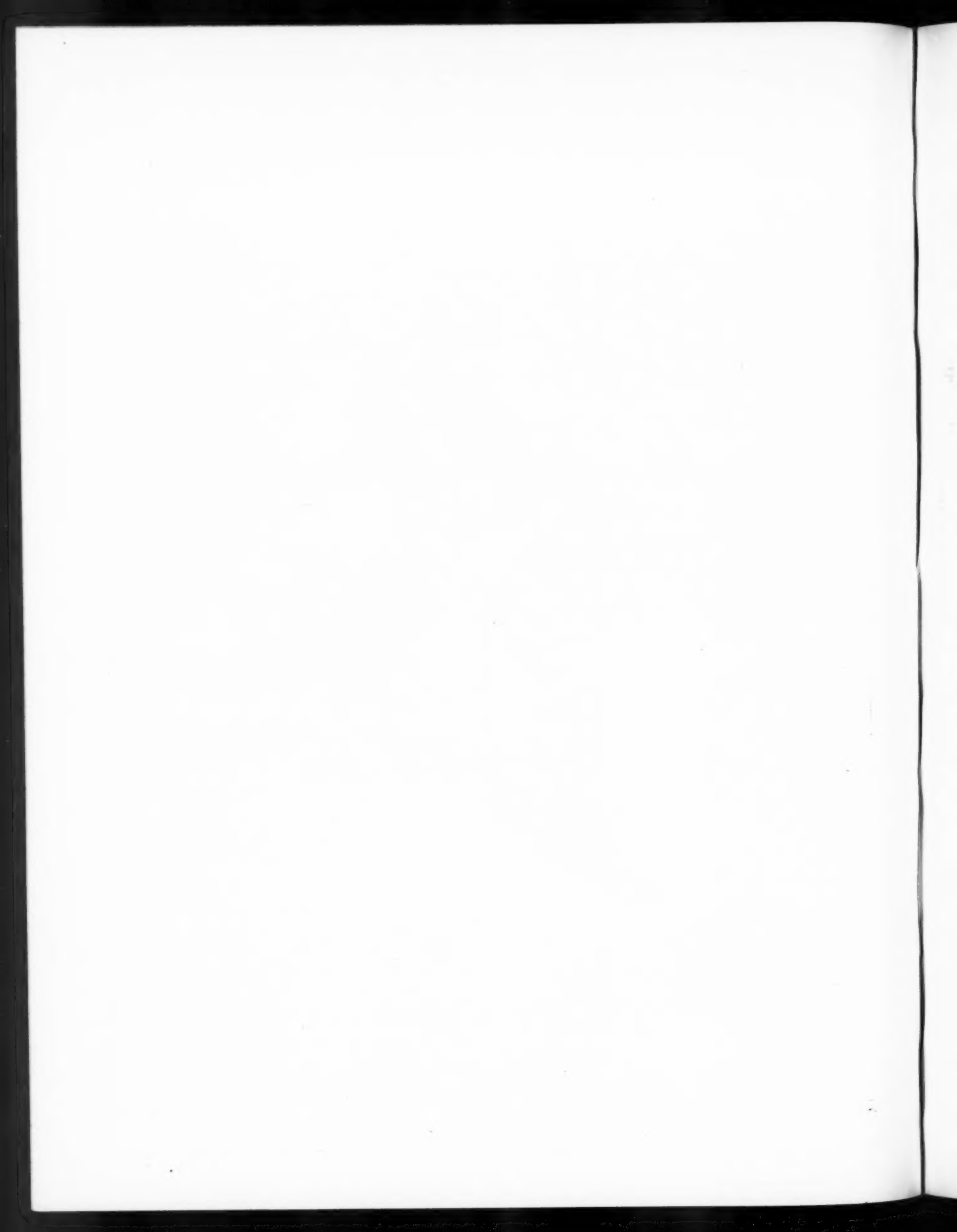
We greatly regret to learn from the advertisement columns of a daily contemporary that an "enamelled seal" has been lost in the Zoological Gardens. This looks like sheer carelessness on the part of the authorities.



### A FREE HAND.

SPANISH GENDARME (to French comrade). "DON'T LET ME EMBARRASS YOU. FOR MYSELF I SHALL PRESERVE AN EXPECTANT ATTITUDE."

[See speech of Spanish Premier on the Moroccan imbroglio.]







English Golfer. "I SAY, COUNT, YOU'VE PLAYED MY BALL!" M. le Comte. "MILLE PARDONS, M'SIEUR. 'AV ONE OF MINE."

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

#### No. 1.—MY FIRST GOLF MATCH.

AFTER MR. W. T. STEAD.

I was 40 years old before I ever saw a bull-fight, and 55 before I first entered a circus. I am now 62, but I never saw a golf match till last Saturday, when Mr. Bedlam lured me to Hanger Hill to see an exhibition game. (I have not been to a roller-skating rink yet: I am keeping that experience until I complete the span of the Psalmist). There is a certain novelty about the impressions produced on the sane mind of mature age by sights familiar to most people from their childhood, and I accordingly jot down at random the thoughts that occurred to me as I followed the encounter.

First of all I was impressed by the physique and personality of the combatants—TAYLOR, sturdy, ruddy, sanguine and mercurial, with a pronounced prognathous development and of brachycephalous type: BRAID, tall, dark, reserved and somewhat sombre of visage; a profound thinker, I should say, with a strong turn for theology and metaphysics.

Golf is supposed to be a gentle game, yet the tools—the weapons, I prefer to

call them—are of a sinister, almost diabolic appearance. The head of a driver, when seen protruding from a bag, is exactly like that of a snake. There is something cruel in the very name of the mashie, and the sight of a niblick reminds me of the Inquisition. Starting from the first tee, TAYLOR hit the ball a cruel blow. BRAID responded with an even more vicious whack, whirling his club round his head with the abandon of a dervish. Then a terrible thing happened. BRAID's ball rolled into a bunker. When he came up to it, his face was black as night, and when he took the niblick from his caddie I confess I shuddered at the thought that he might use it on his opponent. But, with a restraint that was ethically admirable, he concentrated all his pent-up fury on the ball. Then in a lightning flash I realised the final cause and true justification of the game—as a safety-valve for the elemental passions of humanity.

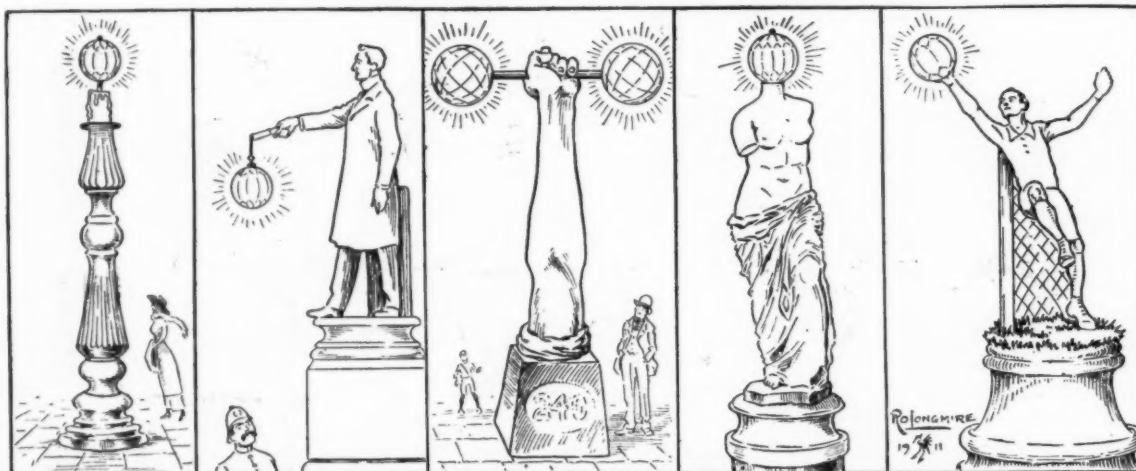
When BRAID had extricated the ball from the bunker, his face resumed its normal pensive expression. So later on, when TAYLOR's ball lodged in a rut, and his face became positively purple with emotion, I trembled for BRAID; but my tremors were unfounded.

Compared with bull-fighting or polo—which I hope to witness on my 80th birthday—golf is an unexciting game. Only once was a player temporarily placed *hors de combat*, and that was when, a supporting brace having given way, an improvised substitute for a waist-belt was needed to keep the nether garment in its place.

The bearing of the spectators filled me with amazement, their silence recalling that of a Quakers' meeting. Once a shiver ran through the crowd when BRAID missed a short putt, but otherwise they kept their feelings absolutely under control. One feature of the game struck me as profoundly touching. While BRAID (a Scotsman) wore a Norfolk jacket, TAYLOR (who hails from Devonshire) was clad in Harris tweeds. And they both of them played with balls of a pattern which, I am assured, had its origin in the inventive genius of Americans. This tribute to the solidarity of the Scoto-Anglo-American *entente* I regard as the most refreshing lesson of my visit to Hanger Hill. Next week I am to see a game of poker for the first time, and I hope that my impressions will be equally reassuring.

## ARTISTIC LIGHTING OF LARGE TOWNS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO OUR CITY FATHERS.

THE CANDLESTICK  
SCHEME.THE FAMOUS STATESMAN  
DESIGN.THE PHYSICAL CULTURE  
PATTERN.THE VENUS  
DI MILO.THE CUP TIE HERO  
STYLE.

## SALUT À LA JEUNESSE.

(AFTER WALT WHITMAN.)

*Queen's Club, April 19—22.*

WHOEVER you are!  
 You young and natural persons!  
 You fine-profiled Etonian! You fair-hair'd Wykehamist!  
 You Carthusian! Harrovian! Haileyburian! Malvernian!  
 You Radleian of Radley! You Tonbridgian!  
 You Cheltonian and Cliftonian from the West! (I too am  
 an old Cliftonian.)  
 You voisin of the Abbey!  
 You stripling from the downs of Wiltshire!  
 You latent fighter from Wellington! You Rugbeian!  
 To you the first honours! (I got this list from *The Sportsman*.)  
*Elèves*, I salute you.  
 O crowding me closely and still more closely!  
 O infusing in me the tempo of your lusty bravuras!  
 This would be a tame show if it weren't for you.  
 I hear the same old indiscriminate applause;  
 I hear you acclaim your comrades' victory—  
 Or if your side loses you cheer all the louder, to drown the  
 other fellows.  
 (How *résumé* it all is!)  
 I hear you acclaim every ace won, by whatever kind of  
 shot;  
 Acclaim the crashing half-volley stroke, just above the board;  
 Acclaim the swift, heavily-cut service, that drops from the  
 back-wall like a stone, or pitches dead in the nick;  
 Acclaim the mis-hit off the wood, correlative in value to the  
 subtlest "drop"  
 (All these you acclaim, and the last more loudly than any).  
 I hear the marker twanging out the score—what a croupier  
 he would make!  
 I see him ever and again doling out superb racket-balls, for  
 which somebody (probably a parent) will have to  
 pay a superb price;  
 I see past and present giants of the game in the foremost  
 cunei!

I see the referee in the middle, and the two umpires on  
 either side of him;  
 I see WEBBE, ASHWORTH, BAERLEIN, MILES, DAMES-  
 LONGWORTH, NOEL and the Hon. C. N. BRUCE.  
 I see also three of the incomparable feuillage of FOSTERS;  
 I see strong-brawned *professori*, keenly these limber-hipped  
 young champions in embryo watching;  
 For instance, "JUDY," LAKER, CROSBIE, HAWES, WILLIAMS,  
 JAMSETJEE;  
 I see majestic, bearded habitués (say, old top-knot, what  
 was *your* school?);  
 I see industrious journalists ticking off the service-runs  
 (one player made twelve aces in a single hand, but  
 oh, is *that* the best part of rackets?)—  
 All this I see;  
 And yet, what urged and impelled me hither,  
 The ball (mark you, this too is "standard" now), the  
 game, the cunning foot-work in taking the service,  
 The lightning kill off the back-wall,  
 The placing down the side-wall,  
 All the spontaneous joys and thrills of this superb pastime  
 (mercy, how the flukes splash!)—  
 These I have to take for granted, I up here in *arrière*,  
 playing *cache-cache* amidst the *en-masse*;  
 I must content myself with interior vistas (enough!);  
 I can but listen,  
 Can but imagine, fear, hope, despond, exult, shout,  
 Myself and my neighbours, our voices orotund and rever-  
 berant.  
*Allons!* The match is over!  
 A little time vocal, and then—*camarado*, I give you my hand!  
 So long!

## From a foreign contemporary:

"If a fine well educated (preferred musical dam) wants to take position  
 in a fine country-family without children to accompany the mrs and  
 give lessons in her own language; she is asked to drop a hire to  
 Mrs. —, Fjärrestadsgård."

We hope some great painter will record the first meeting  
 between the dam and the mrs.

## THE SIMPLE LIFE.

"ARE you doing anything to-morrow?" said my friend Horace St. George Fitzroy de Vere Beauchamp.

"I expect I shall do something," I said cautiously.

"Come and lunch with me at the Automobile Club. Have you seen it yet?"

"Only from the outside, when trudging to my 'bus."

"Well, come early, and I'll show you the inside. Come about twelve."

"Right," I said, "I shall be there in my automobile."

I was a little late the next day, however, as my automobile (a Putney one) refused to take me further than Waterloo Place, and I had to make the rest of the journey on foot. Horace St. George, beautifully dressed, but looking extremely small on the horizon, was waiting for me among the marble pillars of the entrance hall.

"I suppose you're sure this is your little club," I asked. "We haven't met at the Louvre by mistake?"

"Come along," he said, and I followed him nervously downstairs to the garage, where we tethered my hat and stick. With these gone I felt shabbier than ever.

"Now then," began Horace, "what about a bath?"

I could see what it was. He wasn't satisfied with me.

"If it's the rule," I said doubtfully, "and you insist, of course I will; but I've only got these clothes to put on again."

"I meant a swim," he hastened to explain.

"Oh, I see," I said, extremely relieved. "Right you are."

"Or suppose we have a game of squash first, and a swim afterwards? Or would you like to try the rifle range?"

"You did ask me down for the day, didn't you? Let's do it all."

We did it all. By the time we were dressed again it was two o'clock.

"Lunch," said Horace. "Shall we go to the restaurant, or to one of the club dining-rooms, or—"

"Which is nearest?" I asked. "I don't want to walk very far."

We set out briskly and arrived at the restaurant with a splendid appetite. We lunched amidst rare old tapestries and to the sound of sweet music.

"Now," said Horace, "what would you like to do?"

By this time I was beginning to understand the spirit of the place.

"Let's go down to the archery butts," I suggested, "and put on a few



*Young Lady.* "EDWARD AND I HAVE BEEN ADMIRING YOUR HUSBAND'S LOVELY PICTURES. I SUPPOSE HE JUST PAINTS AWAY OUT OF HIS HEAD!"

*Artist's Wife.* "NO, INDEED! HE ALWAYS TAKES THE TROUBLE TO HAVE THE THING HE IS PAINTING IN FRONT OF HIM, BE IT EVER SO SLIGHT. FOR INSTANCE, THIS MORNING I WAS SITTING TO HIM FOR A SHADOW!"

golds. And after that I should like to have a game of shinty."

Horace was willing, but a little doubtful as to the way. We made enquiries; and, passing a signpost which said, "Billiard room, 3 miles—Card room, 2," turned sharp to the left at the bezique courts, kept the lacrosse sheds well on our right, and arrived at last on the archery ground.

I suppose it was the lunch, but, anyhow, I was not in my usual form. I never got a gold at all—only a couple or

so of yellow ochres. Horace was even worse. Once in the shinty tents, however, we made up for all this, and a fiercely contested match ended in my favour by the odd set in five.

"I should like another swim," I said, "Have you only the one bath in your club?"

Horace had to confess that this was so, but he was very nice about it. He promised to complain to the committee. It is a long and difficult way from the shinty tents to the one swimming bath,



particularly as there are, at present, no telegraph poles to steer by. However, I made the attempt, with the result that when I found Horace again I was thoroughly worn out.

"I must have absolute rest and quiet for a little," I said.

"So must I," he agreed. "Let's go to the silence room."

We joined a well-equipped party which was making a dash for the library, said good-bye to them there, and pushed on to the silence room. Not a sound penetrated the massive walls and the thick carpet. The carpet indeed was so luxurious that I completely lost Horace in it for some minutes, fortunately spying the top of his head just when I was giving up hope, and dragging him by the hair to a place of safety. Thereafter we slept till tea.

I am not sure where we had tea. I think it was brought to us in the Art Gallery. We had a round on the nine-hole course afterwards; and then, while Horace put in an hour with the marker at the ludo pits, I had my hair cut, and turned into the Cinematograph Theatre. We dined in the Italian gardens and danced in the ball-room till midnight.

"Well," said Horace, "what do you think of it?"

"It's a cosy little club," I said, "but I don't feel I've really explored it yet. You must ask me for the week-end next time. For one thing I want to see where you all keep your automobiles."

"You ought to join."

"Well, the fact is I am rather short of automobiles just for the moment. My aunt has an automobile veil, if you think I could get in on that. But thank you for a very delightful day, Horace. You must come and stay with me at the Stores some time."

"You're sure there's nothing else you'd like to do? It's quite early."

As a matter of fact there *was* something. I hesitated a moment, and then decided to take the plunge.

"Horace," I said, "it's a magnificent club. Do you think"—I hesitated again—"do you think I might"—I sank my voice to a whisper—"er—*might* I smoke a pipe in it?" A. A. M.

#### INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA.

The Oxford defeated the Cambridge by 2½ lengths."—*Manchester Daily News*.

The Oxford was stroked by CHIRGWIN, the White-Eyed Kaffir—a RHODES Scholar.

"Boiling Owls, 4/- a pair."—*Hearth and Home*. Hence the expression: "looking like a boiled owl."

## MR. PUNCH'S SUPPLEMENT.

### III.—THE MUSIC HALL.

THE decision to give in Edinburgh a gala music-hall performance to the KING and QUEEN after the Coronation has drawn every eye to the variety boards. The time then is opportune for a survey of this increasingly popular form of alleged entertainment.

#### HISTORY.

The origin of the music-hall is lost in the mists of prehistoric antiquity, but its existence can be traced back several thousand years B.C. Dr. ARTHUR EVANS, while excavating at Cnossus, in Crete, placed it beyond doubt that the Labyrinth was a music-hall, and the Minotaur a *monstre comique*. SEMIRAMIS is believed by the most learned German historians to have been a bare-back rider, and THEODORA, the wife of JUSTINIAN, was the VESTA TILLEY of her age, thus showing at an early epoch the close relations which have always prevailed between the Bar and the Stage. Music-halls have not been confined to one country or nation, but have flourished all over the world. There was an Alhambra in Spain, a Tivoli in the Campagna, and a Coliseum in Rome centuries before their names were associated with the palatial structures which adorn our Metropolis. The famous dynasty of Moss had its original seat at Mosul in Mossopotamia, where the original Mossosome still stands; but the Iceland Mosses have also long been famous in pharmaceutical circles. The name music-hall has been cited as the most perfect example of the kind of nomenclature to which the term *lucus a non lucendo* is applied, and it is noteworthy that in one of his rare lapses into inspired waggery the late JOHN MILTON emphasized this point in the phrase, "most music-hall, most melancholy," which later found a counterpart in RUSKIN's phrase, "all the agonies of a pantomime."

#### MANAGEMENT.

The motto of the music-hall is "one good turn deserves another—but rarely gets it." Clever managers are careful to mix the bad with the indifferent and to get as few good things as possible. By a curious psychological operation that has never been rightly explained, the members of every music-hall audience relinquish their taste and judgment automatically as they pass the pay-box, and then everything that they see seems to them equally meritorious and attractive. This is peculiarly true of writers of notices for the press. Hence it

would be a waste of time and money for managers to obtain real talent. This explains the success of a host of performers at the present day from whom, were audiences not hypnotised, they would run shrieking. Now and then, however, it chances by an accident that a decent performer creeps in; but were he to disappear no one would really miss him.

It should be added that the great managers are all men of remarkable culture. Thus Mr. OSWALD STOLL has written one of the most luminous commentaries extant on HERBERT SPENCER'S Synthetic Philosophy, while Mr. ALFRED BUTT'S occasional excursions into eschatology are greeted with rapture at the University of Tübingen.

#### TERMINOLOGY.

A male music-hall performer is called an "artist," and a female an "artiste." The old theory that an artist was a fellow who painted pictures has entirely broken down. A quick-change performer is called "A Protean artist." A dancing girl is "The rage of Paris," but whether Paris was in a rage to see her, or because it had seen her, is never stated.

Most *artistes*, it may be added, have names beginning with Z, such as ZEO, ZAZEL, ZENA, ZONA, ZOE. The names of MOZART and TENNYSON are familiar to music-hall frequenters, but HOMER, VIRGIL and LUCRETIVUS are unaccountably absent.

#### SERIOS.

Serious singers wear evening dress, particularly at matinées; hence the epithet "dashing." The visitor who was asked to fill up a Confession Album, and against "The sweetest word I know" wrote "Exit," had just been listening to a serious singer. For the most part they are employed by distillers and brewers, who pay the music-hall management to allow them to sing. The worst of all at the present moment are—[No advertisements permitted. Ed.]

#### COMEDIANS.

The ordinary music-hall comedian is a Cockney comedian. He wears a bad hat and worse clothes, smacks his leg with a tiny cane, and sings about drink. There are also comedians of all nationalities, which are easily detected. Scotch comedians have twisted walking-sticks and refer to lassies. Lancashire comedians say "roon" instead of "run," but otherwise are like comedians from any other country. *Entente cordiale* comedians sing too many songs. Rustic comedians say "oi" instead of "me," as in real





Mother. "WHY HAVE YOU LEFT THE OTHERS? WHAT DO YOU WANT, DEAR?"

Little Girl. "I'VE COME HERE BECAUSE ELLA'S SO AGGLAVATIN' (a pause). AT LEAST, SHE WILL BE WHEN SHE FINDS I'VE BROKEN THE LEG OFF HER NEW DOLL."

country life. American comedians say "Look-a-here." Jewish comedians wear bowler hats over their ears. Australian comedians seldom learn anything new. There are no Norfolk comedians.

#### SAUSAGES.

This article of food, without some reference to which no music-hall comedian is really funny, is of ancient origin. HERODOTUS mentions something of the kind, but the first allusion to the sausage more or less as we know it (or do not know it) now is in COPERNICUS. The Germans, always so ingenious, brought sausage-making to a high art, and it was the favourite food of HANS HOLBEIN, who introduced it to the Court of HENRY VIII., when he arrived here from Augsburg in 1526. It is said that he was so addicted to sausages that he could not paint without one, and sometimes would absent-mindedly employ it as a mahl-stick. While painting the "Duchess of Milan" he consumed eight dozen of the best.

Any reference to sausages, particu-

larly in association with dogs or the word mystery, convulses the audience in every hall. Hence, since man is an imitative animal, one gets plenty of it.

#### THE DANCE.

The Christian patron of the Dance is of course ST. VITUS, a holy man who made his way through life with some very odd steps in the fifth century. There had been dances before, but ST. VITUS brought the art before the public.

At the present moment the fashion is for Slavonic or Russian dancing, which, when the performers can be induced to perform together and bury their private hatchets, can be very effective.

#### SKETCHES.

The sketch is a play, either original or a condensation of an old drama, which may not by law last for more than twenty minutes and never lasts less than half-an-hour.

#### IMITATORS.

The music-hall imitator is the only form of pickpocket who is not locked up.

"It is almost needless to state that the sewing of kitchen garden seeds is now in full swing."—*Gardening Notes* in "*Alloa Journal*." We have certainly heard of some vegetable patches being "darned."

"The *Baltic* sailed for New York on Saturday, having on Lord Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Pettingill, and various others."—*The World*.

We are glad these "various others" were there too, if only for ballast.

"Lord Salisbury, who has not been very well, is taking a motoring tour in the South of France, by way of recruiting his health."—*The World*.

Without the assistance of this last phrase we should never have guessed his Lordship's motive, so we have great pleasure in putting it into italics.

#### From a testimonial:—

"After the second treatment she walked downstairs one foot at a time. She has not been able to walk downstairs before in the past five years, except by stepping down on each step with one foot at a time. This is remarkable. Send five more boxes."

The old jumping days of six years ago seem to be over.



## IRISH ABSTINENCE.

Colonel at regimental races (entertaining some farmers). "WELL, WHAT WILL YOU ALL HAVE?"

Spokesman. "THERE'LL BE THREE WHISKEYS, YER HONOUR, AND THE OTHER TWO'S TAYTOTALERS; THEY'LL JUST BE TAKIN' A SHIPOT AY WINE."

## DISCOVERED—A SUPER-HERO.

TELL me no more the toils of Hercules!

Truce to the triumphs that were ALEXANDER'S!  
Praise me no mariners that scoured the seas,  
Nor saints of sinless life who feared no slanders!  
I have unearthed a paragon by whom  
Their record is as dust, their ancient bloom  
The fodder of Oblivion's vacuum broom—  
A gentleman named SAUNDERS.

Fame with the silver bugle at her lips  
Hath not announced him yet, but here I warn her;  
The stars, the Muses, smiled upon his birth,  
Too heedless of the splendours that adorn her,  
Earth has rescinded not from coast to coast,  
But I have seen him in *The Morning Post*,  
Page 5 (while I was battering some toast)—  
The left-hand bottom corner.

Wisdom is his undoubtedly, and worth;  
The day that brought him forth was bright and sunny;  
The gods, the Muses, smiled upon his birth,  
And well-to-do connections gave him money;  
He is a man, I think, of *savoir faire*,  
With courage to endure, with nerves to dare;  
I wonder if his brows are lorn of hair  
Through efforts to be funny?

It matters not. In all this earthly zone,  
Ay, and the vault above and 'neath the blue's ooze  
He hath no counterpart, he stands alone  
The most miraculous of Nature's *lusus*.  
I ask not of his race or rank or creed,  
The articles on which he likes to feed,  
His clubs, his recreations; I've no need  
To hunt him up in *Who's Who's*.

I shall not clasp him by the kingly hand,  
Nor meet his steadfast eyes—not if I know it—  
His eyes beneficent and mild and bland,  
I do but take the trump for him and blow it;  
I sing how great, how glorious he must be,  
How handsome, how impeccable, for he  
Has gained the heart of PHYLLIS BROWN, and she  
Refused the humble poet. EVOE.

"WATSONIAN CLUB OF GERMANY.—Mr. Leslie R. Grant, who held the combined offices of President, Secretary, and Committee, is the founder of the above Club. Mr. Grant, who is also the only member, was Captain of the Shooting VIII. last year."—*The Watsonian*.

Later on a hope is expressed that Mr. GRANT will continue to hold office for another year. As long as he takes care not to vote against himself by mistake his re-election to all these posts should be assured.

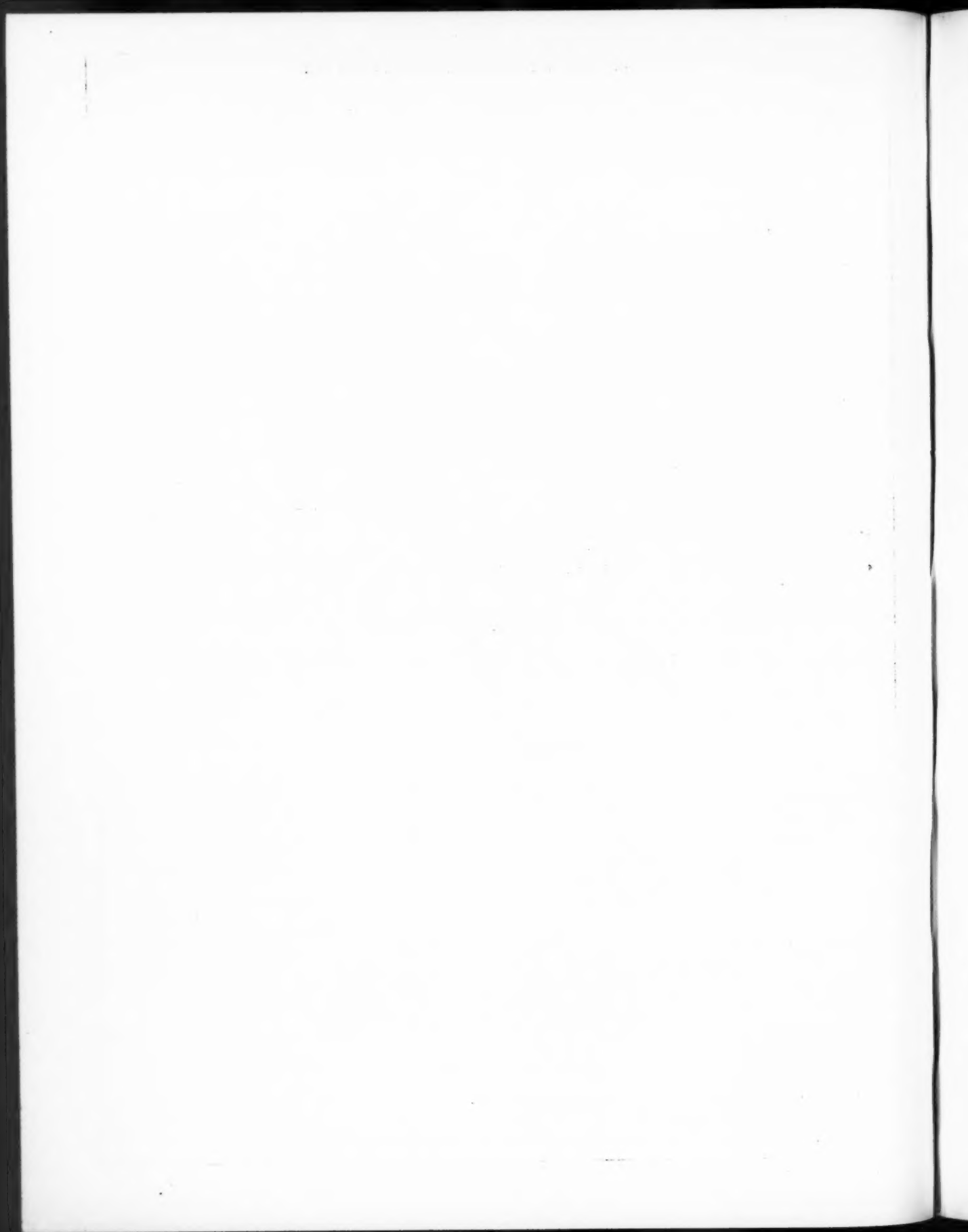


### LATE AGAIN.

SPRING. "HARK! DO I HEAR THE BUDGET?"

VOICE FROM TREE. "CUCK-OO!"

SPRING. "YES, YES, I KNOW. BUT WHERE IS MY OTHER SO-CALLED HARBINGER?"







PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

An Anticipation of the Scene in the Queue on Pay Night at the House of Commons.

**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, April 24th.—Much preliminary trumpeting about important debate to be raised to-day on amendment by ULSTER Member, designed to put Home Rule out of category of consequences that may follow on Commons freeing themselves from yoke of Lords. A dreary affair. House not to be stirred even by LONSDALE'S announcement that, should Parliament add a Home Rule Bill to the Statute Book, men of Ulster, loyal law-abiding citizens *pur sang*, will not recognise the decree. In spite of appearances House is, after all, a business assembly. Pretty certain attempt will be made next year to pass Home Rule Bill. That, Members feel, will be proper occasion for discussing the subject. Simple waste of time to mander round it now.

Nevertheless, since something expected, PREMIER delivered a speech, and Prince ARTHUR answered it. Midway in latter address, little incident happened which throws gleam of light on temper of House and character of discussion. In course of argument Prince ARTHUR emphatically declared, "I know that I am speaking the absolute truth, truth in which honourable gentlemen, wherever they sit in this House, will agree."

Here Ministerialists broke in with persistent cries of "No, no!"

"Why," cried Prince ARTHUR, with amazed look bent on scene of uproar, "you have not heard it. Let me tell you what it is."

This he proceeded to do, and Ministerialists again loudly voiced dissent. Would have saved time and been equally effective if Prince ARTHUR had accepted denial of a statement not yet made.

Effort from either Front Bench

equally tame, falling flat on audience anxious only to get Division over and so to dinner. This desire accomplished by convenient hour of eight o'clock. Thereafter, a quorum keeping the bridge whilst others dined under promise to be back in good time, House sat up all night with querulous Clause 2.

Whilst politicians squabble at Westminster, Ireland, hapless Cinderella of a loveless family, still kneels by her cold hearth and laments her sorrows. Fresh one brought out to-day by Mr. SHEEHY. Told in simple language, it depicts deplorable state of things in remote country town whose musical name suggests vision of idyllic harmony. Upon Drumree, County Meath, lavish nature has bestowed two citizens of the family name of Fox. To further complicate matters both follow sporting profession of jobmaster. When letters or telegrams addressed "Fox, Drumree" reach the post-office, what

is the hopeless postmaster to do? Mr. SHEEHY more than insinuated that "THOMAS GERAGHTY" (you should have heard him roll out the syllables), "postmaster of Drumree, County Meath," not being on friendly terms with one of the FOXES, invariably handed over to the other the correspondence thus addressed.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL, bound to support a subordinate officer of his department, attempted to justify the procedure. Since the SPEAKER was not likely to submit motion for adjournment in order to deal with question as one of urgent public importance, there was no appeal. But incident left unpleasant impression. At a time when the cry of "Peace, Peace" rings through two hemispheres, Members don't like to think of Drumree rent in twain by this feud of the FOXES with Mr. GERAGHTY taking a prejudiced hand in the game.

*Business done.*—Sat till daybreak did appear, wrestling with Clause 2 of Parliament Bill.

*Wednesday.*—Depressing influence of friendly relations established between Irish Nationalists and His Majesty's Ministers dolefully apparent in toning down of exuberance below Gangway on Opposition side. Never more the sudden flash of humour or paradox that in other days from time to time illumined monotony of Saxon debate. To-day produces its gem, faultless in shape and colour, priceless in value.

It was Mr. O'SHEE, of whom the House knows little, that placed it under this heavy obligation. The unsuspected gem had a setting worthy its brilliancy. It seems there lived in former days in Old Parish, County Waterford, one MICHAEL VEALDE, a tenant farmer. Difficulty about payment of "rent" arising, he was evicted, and the farm left desolate, mouldering to decay. There were subtle touches in Mr. O'SHEE's prose that recalled another picture limned for all time by TENNYSON:

The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:  
Unlifted was the clinking latch;  
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch  
Upon the lonely moated grange.

Something more fleshly than the hand of Time being suspected in connection with the quickening of the ruin of the farm buildings, they were placed under special police protection. It happened by strange coincidence that on a certain day when the police were on protection duty at the farm a case of housebreaking occurred in neighbouring hamlet and property was stolen. What Mr. O'SHEE wanted to know was "whether the police have any

time left to protect the property of the general community when their services are requisitioned to preserve the grass on derelict farms where there are no cattle to graze the same." The phrasing is a little obscure, but its meaning may be guessed.

The Ministerial minion who represents Dublin Castle having made reply familiar in such circumstances, Mr. O'SHEE, relentlessly pursuing him, insisted upon knowing why the cost of special police protection was incurred on account of a farm "*when the only living animals on it are seagulls that fly over it.*"

Been long accustomed to hold that the most perfect bull ever trotted through the House of Commons was the pro-



"Gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."

(LORD HALSBURY.)

perty of Sir WILLIAM HART-DYKE, known to wide circle of old friends as BILLY DYKE. Made its appearance in debate on one of JIMMY LOWTHER's annual motions for repealing Standing Order forbidding Peacemakers to take part in parliamentary elections. JIMMY had cited a case in which it was alleged that no less a person than the LORD CHANCELLOR—HALSBURY, to wit—had, on the eve of a by-election, interposed with speech or letter, championing the cause of one of the Candidates.

Regarding JIMMY with wistful air, BILLY DYKE, opposed the motion. "I must," he said, "admit that the right honourable gentleman has gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."

That was delightful, and till to-day remained incomparable. Think it will be conceded that Mr. O'SHEE has vindicated supremacy of Ireland in the production of this class of prize animal. Of the many extravagances attributed

to Sir BOYLE ROCHE there is nothing that in point of picturesque incoherence excels his choice remark.

*Business done.*—In Committee again on Parliament Bill.

*Thursday.*—LORD CHANCELLOR once more at Bar of House (so to speak) charged with carrying on HALSBURY's mission of swamping magisterial bench with good Conservatives. Crowded House hears with delight of the morning call of Lord DE RAMSEY upon LORD CHANCELLOR. Related in artless style of the Custos Rotulorum of the Isle of Ely, it is the daintiest comedy. DE RAMSEY dropped in at Eaton Square, he tells us, to suggest names of six gentlemen suitable for Commission of the Peace for the Isle of Ely.

"If the Family Bible were in my hands," he assured the LORD CHANCELLOR, "I would swear that I do not know their politics."

There flashed across LORD CHANCELLOR's agile mind the shrewd saying, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*"; but he did not allude to it. Pink of politeness, he waved aside the Family Bible, which Custos had left at home. Suggested merely for form's sake that, an Advisory Committee having been appointed for the expressed purpose of nominating candidates for the magistracy, it would be just as well if the list were submitted to them before names were added to Commission of the Peace.

Custos had not the slightest objection. Indeed, thought it was rather the kind of thing you ought to do, you know. Only it happened that he was leaving for Egypt in the morning. The six suitable gentlemen of anonymous politics were growing impatient, and perhaps the affair might just as well be finished right off. LORD CHANCELLOR agreed, and NEIL PRIMROSE, waking up one morning, resolved to make fresh effort to interest LORD CHANCELLOR in direction of redressing balance of Liberal and Conservative magistrates for the Isle of Ely as it was left on retirement of HALSBURY from Woolsack, learned that six more Conservatives had been added in a batch. And this after he had been assured by LORD CHANCELLOR's Secretary that the composition of the Bench was "a question that could not at present be reopened."

As for LORD CHANCELLOR, the MEMBER FOR SARK tells me that when he learned he had added six Conservative magistrates to a single Commission of the Peace—this in addition to others of same political complexion with whom he had endowed the Blessed Isle—you might have knocked him down with a feather.

That obviously a figure of speech,



Doctor. "WELL! AND DID YOU TAKE HIS TEMPERATURE?"

Wife. "OH! YES, SIR. I PUTS THE BAROMETER ON 'IS CHESS AN' IT GOES UP TO VERY DRY, SO I FETCHES 'IM A QUART O' BEER, AN' NOW E'S GONE TO WORK!"

for LOREBURN is of sturdy build. But it sufficiently expresses the surprise with which LORD CHANCELLOR learned that unknowingly, undesignedly, he had contrived, in respect of nomination of new magistrates, to repeat in the Isle of Ely the sort of thing which, prevailing throughout the kingdom, had raised a rather serious revolt in ranks of Party that placed the present Ministry in office.

*Business done.*—Got the SPEAKER out of Chair on going into Committee on Civil Service Estimates.

"EVENING SCHOOL SOCIAL.—To mark the closing of the Evening Continuation Classes a very successful gathering was held in the Public Hall on Friday evening. After partaking of an excellent tea, the Headmaster, Mr. James Hunter, who occupied the chair, referred in the course of his remarks to the good work accomplished during the session."

*Devon Valley Tribune.*

We hope his own latest achievement (which he seems to have accomplished without assistance), received suitable mention.

#### THE DISCOVERY OF MAX.

"Wonderfully clever, wonderfully clever!" murmured the old gentleman, with another look at the caricature of Mr. SHANNON.

"Wonderfully clever!" echoed the stranger beside him, in a voice as enthusiastic as its weariness would permit. The old gentleman turned to look at the stranger, a man of middle age, with thinning hair and tired eyes, a black moustache, and a slight tendency to that rotundity which is apt to follow upon success.

"Yes, like the work of an irresponsible boy possessing the mind of a brilliant man, Sir! Don't you agree with me?" said the old gentleman.

"I do; 'brilliant' is the word I have always used of his work. I know nothing more brilliant—and I know most things," said the stranger with a sigh that spoke of many burdens.

"And he's quite a youth, a slim youth, as I gather from his portraits of himself."

"As young as the spring," said the other.

"Of course he must be—the impudence and mischief of these drawings alone proclaim exuberant youth. I'd like to meet him. It's a good thing for those of us who are getting on in life, like you and me, to come and get such a glimpse as this is of the genius of the rising generation. This exhibition does me good, at any rate," said the old gentleman, briskly.

"It's doing me no harm either," said the stranger, in that languid manner that expresses the enthusiasm of certain temperaments.

"And if I ever met him, it would give me the greatest pleasure to invite him to dinner. I'm fond of these young geniuses—aren't you?"

"One or two," replied the stranger, after thinking. Then, passing his hand over his thinning locks, he added: "I'm afraid I can't dine, thanks, as I'm just off back to Italy, where I purpose to pass the evening of my career."



## AT THE PLAY.

## "KISMET."

"I HAVE lived to-day!" said Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ, on a note of justifiable exaltation, at the close of his performance as *Hajj*, the Baghdad beggar. And indeed it had been a good day's work, as you may see from the following time-table, drawn up roughly from memory:—

5.30—7.30 A.M. Sits outside a mosque, and begs for alms, calling down Allah's blessings on those that give, his curses on those that don't.

7.35. Nearly kills another beggar who wants to appropriate his ancestral pitch.

7.40. Receives information of retired brigand's arrival in town in search of long-lost son, and prepared to pay handsomely for clairvoyance on the subject. Agrees to share spoils with informant.

7.45. Pouches purse of gold in payment for thought-reading. At same time recognises in brigand the man who stole his (*Hajj's*) wife and murdered his son.

7.50. Refuses to share purse with informant.

7.55. Gives up being a beggar.

8.0—9.0. Has an enormous breakfast, eaten off.

9.0. Proceeds to Tailors' Bazaar, flourishing purse of gold, and inspects samples of fine linen.

9.30. Makes off with same during temporary diversion of vendors.

10.15. Visits his daughter (apple of eye) in obscure quarter, and presents her with a little choice finery.

10.45. Is arrested for theft.

11.30. Is brought before the *Wasir Mansur* (villain) and denies the charge.

11.45. Is condemned to have a few fingers cut off.

11.46. Holds out his hand for this purpose.

11.47. Is pardoned by *Mansur* out of consideration for his wrist-muscles, which might be useful for assassinations.

11.48. Is given an appointment in the service of *Mansur*, on the understanding that he will murder the *Caliph* for him.

11.50. Offers to *Mansur* his daughter in marriage.

12.0—12.35 P.M. Assumes apparel proper to his new office.

12.40. Receives female emissary from *Mansur's* best wife, bringing overtures for an assignation.

12.45. Arranges one for the afternoon.

1.0—3.15. Swaggers.

3.30. Appears as a Moorish juggler at the *Caliph's* Diwan.

3.40. Does a trick with a flaming bowl ("magic by Messrs. MASKELYNE & DEVANT").

3.45. Stabs the *Caliph*, but innocuously, owing to coat-of-mail.

3.46. Is arrested.

3.47. Is annoyed with *Mansur* for denying all knowledge of the plot.

4.15. Is thrown into dungeon and handcuffed to a wall.

4.30—5.0. Converses with fellow-prisoner, who happens to be the brigand who stole his wife and murdered his son.

5.0—5.15. Struggles to burst his handcuffs.

5.15. Bursts them.

5.17—5.25. Throttles the brigand.

5.25—5.35. Puts on corpse's costume, including demi-amulet, of which the



*Hajj* (disguised as Moorish juggler). "A mere nothing! (Aside.) But you should see my hand-cuffs trick!"

Mr. OSCAR ASCHÉ.

other half is in possession of late brigand's long-lost son.

5.40. On arrival of guards is mistaken for brigand and released from dungeon.

6.0. Changes his mind about letting his daughter marry *Mansur*, of whom he now entertains a low opinion.

6.45. Arrives through trap-door at address of *Mansur's* best wife (hareem) by appointment.

6.46.—7.0. Doubts if lady is quite so *troubante* as he had hoped; but simulates enthusiasm.

7.0. Is interrupted by entrance of *Mansur*, who proceeds against him with a sword.

7.5.—7.10. Does his best, but is embarrassed by the fact that he is unarmed.

7.10. Duel temporarily stopped by *Mansur's* recognition of the demi-amulet, of which he, as long-lost son,

wears the counterpart. *Mansur* flings his sword away.

7.11. *Hajj* assumes fatherhood, together with discarded weapon.

7.15. Stabs *Mansur* in back of ribs as he kneels to take the parental blessing.

7.16. Duel resumed *à outrance* on edge of hareem plunge-bath.

7.20. Puts his man in the water.

7.21—7.45. Holds him under till he is drowned.

7.46. Withdraws into private life, by trap-door.

8.10—9.15. Is absent from his daughter's wedding. (A case of tact, the bridegroom being the man he had attempted to murder at 3.45.)

9.30. Returns, in beggar's guise, to ancestral pitch, to find another in possession.

9.31. Kicks him out.

9.35—10.0 Moralises on the strange vagaries of Fate (*Kismet*).

10.5 Retires to sleep on pitch.

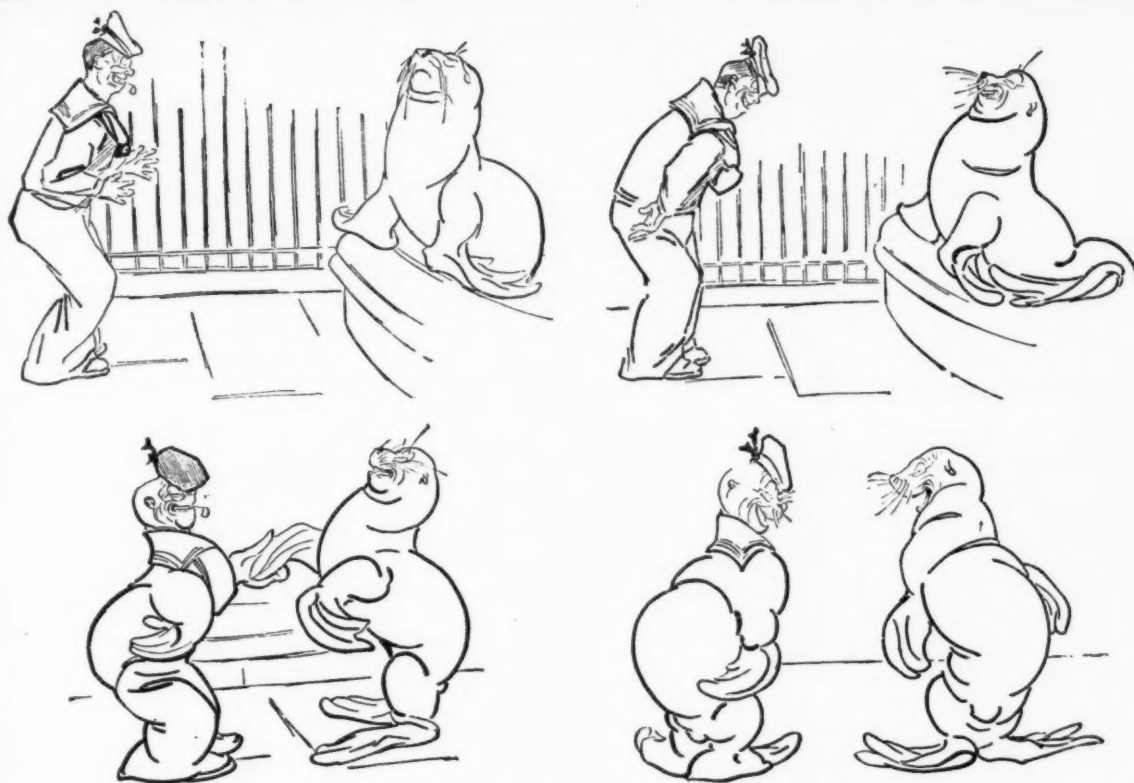
10.5½. Snores like a pig.

You will gather from this schedule that, though he ends as he began—a beggar on a stone pitch—he has not lived his day in vain. Things in Baghdad can never be quite the same, for he has rid the place of two villains, a brigand and a wicked *Wasir*.

Meanwhile his status has been modified by others who also have not been idle, for his daughter has been wedded to the *Caliph*, and *Hajj* is therefore now the father-in-law of the representative of Allah.

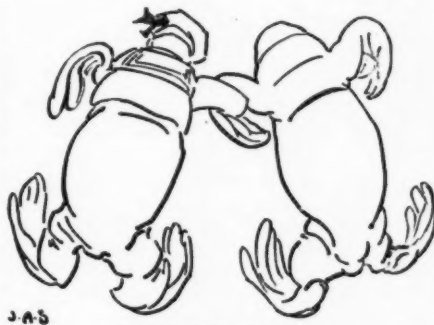
I dare not ask myself how far the plot, frankly crude and obvious in its melodrama, would have satisfied our intelligences if it had been laid in London of the 20th century; but in so superb an antique setting, with its Oriental wealth of colour, the play itself hardly mattered at all. Indeed, with the vision of *Sumurun* before me (the author of *Kismet*, by the way, took nothing from this source) I am not sure whether, apart from the obscurity which it entails, dumb-show would not have been more effective, so hard it is to listen well when the eye is closely engaged. Certainly our best time was what we spent in the gorgeous bazaar, where the dialogue was least distracting. Now and again, still recalling *Sumurun*, one felt the need of a greater severity of background. The hot sunlight on the wall of the "Poor House" seemed to lend a certain tawdriness to the gay colours of the dresses. One's senses, too, grew tired long before the end, in part because they were never allowed to rest in the intervals, which were filled with processions and songs and formal dances in front of the drop-curtain—a happy device, but one that made for satiety.





I bow to the management's superior knowledge of hareem interiors, but I confess that I picture them more seductive. And I would willingly forego one or two needlessly offensive phrases in exchange for a little more business with the plunge-bath. What became of the bather who stepped so hurriedly into it with a modesty that was surely wasted on the other odalisques? Was she, too, drowned? I trust not, but I never set eyes on her again.

Mr. OSCAR ASCHE was marvelously swift and sure. The play of his body, subtle for all its strength, was always in the picture, but sometimes the quality of his tones raised a doubt in my mind about his Oriental extraction. Once or twice, too, he seemed to be burlesquing the phraseology of the place and time. Perhaps it was the second j in his name of *Hajj* that tickled him. I was a little shocked at first to find Miss LILY BRAYTON in a mood of giggling happiness; but this was soon corrected, and having resumed her favourite rôle of female-in-distress, she sustained it till close on the end. As the heroine, she claimed the right of having the only white skin in the play. Mr.



J.A.S.

LIKE TO LIKE.

BEN WEBSTER was a splendid figure as the *Caliph*, and Mr. GRIMWOOD, in the part of *Mansur*, was as conscientious a villain as one could wish for; while Miss BESSIE MAJOR carried herself admirably in a hareem skirt of lavish dimensions, and Mr. GEORGE RELPH, as a swordsman, was an attractive study in bronze.

With all but the colour-blind the popularity of *Kismet* is assured. I even think that if my old friend HORATIUS FLACCUS could have been present he would have been bound to reconsider his opinion as to the odiousness of Persian pomps. Not much praise is perhaps due directly to the author,

HERR KNOBLAUCH; but much, and very much, to the excellent bearing of the whole cast, including a most understanding crowd of Oriental mutes; to Mr. JOSEPH HARKER for some wonderful scene-painting; to Mr. PERCY ANDERSON for the designing of the brilliant costumes; and to Mr. LANCELOT SPEED for his clever faking of some minor antiquities. O. S.

#### "THE BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL."

Only twice have I seen Justice administered officially—once when, as a jurymen, I helped to administer it, and once when, as a spectator, I pushed into the Central Criminal Court, murmuring words like "solicitor," and listened to half of a manslaughter trial. Each case interested me immensely. At the Globe Theatre last week I found *Admas' on v. Admaston* and *Collingwood* equally absorbing. It may have bored barristers (just as a photographically accurate picture of an afternoon in the *Punch* office would probably bore me), but for laymen the details could not be too minutely observed. However, I suffered one disappointment—I had hoped to, but did not, hear the Judge say, "This court is not a theatre." He certainly

had the occasion; for *Peggy Adamston*, the respondent, soliloquised more than once under cross-examination in a manner which he must have recognized (if he had ever been to theatres across the water) as the real thing. I should have cheered like mad in the gallery.

If it is the object of the authors (Messrs. E. G. HEMMERDE and FRANCIS NEILSON) to show up the cruelty and injustice of the Divorce Court, then they have not chosen the best case for their purpose. *Mrs. Adamston's* conduct had been so incredibly foolish that no man who had not seen the first two Acts of the play could have believed her guiltless; no counsel who had spent the best years of his life in an atmosphere of lies could have thought her explanations truthful. And if it be said that every look of *Peggy's* beautiful face, every tone of her protesting voice spoke innocence—an innocence which made the relentless cross-examination a deliberate cruelty—then I reply that any one who has seen Miss MADGE TITHERADGE at the Globe Theatre knows just what a wonderful air of reality can be given to playing by a woman of beauty and great histrionic ability.

In short, a guilty woman would have behaved out of court and in court in exactly the way *Peggy* behaved; and, that being so, the severity in this particular case of the search for truth can hardly be indicted. The authors have been hardly fair to their theme; they should have made the respondent less foolish, the co-respondent less notorious, the situations less compromising. Then I, for one, should have joined them most cheerfully in any expression of contempt for the Bar. It is a subject upon which I have long wanted to give tongue.

Mr. LEWIS WALLER was *Collingwood*, and he had an unsympathetic part until the last Act, when he discovered the authorship of the anonymous letter and unveiled the wicked *Lady Atwill*; but he was always interesting and quietly effective. Mr. GUY STANDING was very badly suited by the part of the *Rt. Hon. George Adamston, M.P.* Say what you like of our dollar-dictated Cabinet Ministers, they haven't American accents. The duel between Counsel and the Butterfly was magnificently played throughout by Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL and Miss MADGE TITHERADGE. I had never seen the latter in a big part before, and I was astonished at her power. M.

"Dr. Struss's Eatest," says *The Observer*, and we are left rather anxious.

## FIRST-FRUIT OF COVENT GARDEN.

WHETHER it meant that the operatic public is saving itself for the Coronation festivities; or that there were not enough tiaras on exhibition in the scantily-filled boxes of the more expensive tiers; or that the improbabilities of *Lakmé* were past swallowing (I don't think this can be the reason, for Grand Opera is nothing if not improbable)—anyhow the attitude of the audience at the opening night at Covent Garden was marked by what Mr. JOHN BURNS would describe as a certain "gelidity." True, Madame TETRAZZINI brought down an odd rafter or two at the traditional point—the close of the so-called Bell Song; but most of her pearls were cast before rather unresponsive stalls, and the ravishing notes of Mr. M'CORMACK somehow missed their rightful dues. Later, no doubt, we shall warm to our work. Meanwhile, *Lakmé* was a sufficiently appropriate prelude to the season's unambitious programme.

Regarded as an historical study, this French picture of British India is, of course, farcical. I pass over the sacrosanct groves of the Hindoo temple, where fantasy is permissible; but for anybody who has ever seen the actual thing there could be no purer work of creative art than this travesty of an Indian bazaar ("market-place," the programme calls it). The headgear of the native men was that of a French chef; and the women resembled Hindoos in nothing but their wigs and the duskiness of their cocoa-paste. At one time the crowd was thick as a swarm of bees; at the next it parted to admit an incredible troupe of Nautch-girls, British to the bone, and poorish dancers at that; then in a flash it was gone, leaving the "market-place" completely at the disposal of a Hindoo girl and an English officer for the purposes of an Italian duet. As for the uniforms (the officers carried canes) I doubt if some of them had ever been seen before on land or sea. One or two seemed to be of an amphibious pattern; for the period can hardly be later than the date of the Indian Mutiny, and epaulettes had by then been abolished in the Army.

Even Mr. CLAUDE AVELING's English version of Signor A. ZANARDINI's Italian version of Messieurs E. GONDINET's and P. GILLE's original French libretto failed to convince me that the atmosphere was strictly Anglo-Indian. For one thing my book of words (1/6 net) contained not a syllable of the dialogue (negligible, no doubt) of the English ladies. Even the name of *Gerald's* carelessly-discarded fiancée appeared

always in the Italian as "Miss Ellen" and in the English as "Eleanor"; and I shall never know what Messieurs E. GONDINET and P. GILLE called her till I hear the opera in French, and that will never happen here so long as Madame TETRAZZINI has a voice in the matter.

The diva's pyrotechnics pleased me less than the dulcet notes of her amorous passages; but I ask nothing better than Mr. M'CORMACK's singing, and have certainly never heard anything half so good from a British officer in a tightish uniform. Mr. EDMUND BURKE's voice had the dignity of his beard, a really noble appendage. One expects a good deal from the beard of a Brahmin hierophant with a name like *Nilakantha*; and I am sure that Mr. CLARKSON felt this too, and that was why he put some of his best work into it. O. S.

## RONDEAU.

[Mr. CHURCHILL said that unless they could dispense of certain amendments by a certain time there would be nothing for it but to put their heads down and butt into the Bill.]

Our statesmen but a little while ago Trimmed each his lamp of intellect and shone,

Eager to make the darker places plain By the effulgence of an ardent brain; No surfeit of high-thinking once could glut

Our statesmen—but To-day they catch a newer, better trick; Why use the brain if craniums are thick?

Do we expect ungovernable rams To war with words or pale at epigrams? So, trusting to mere density of nut,

Our statesmen butt.

Mr. ANDREW LANG in *The Morning Post*:

"In the Eighteenth Century a young man was hanged (if we may believe John Wesley) for the murder of a person whom he later met in a Spanish prison in South America."

Sorry as we are to have to say it, we don't believe JOHN WESLEY this time.

"The coiner of what will surely become an immortal phrase was Mr. Brodribb. Of course he used it in the holiday spirit. Speaking of the internal affairs of his church he said: 'He knew little about ritual and cared less. The exuberance of church music was to him a superfluity of naughtiness' . . . There is nothing new under the sun, and I don't suggest that Mr. Brodribb has discovered a new idea. He would not let himself claim that. Our grandfathers used to say 'It's naughty but it's nice.' Mr. Brodribb simply puts the old idea into twentieth century clothes."—*Hastings Argus*.

Mr. BRODRIBB must try again. There are lots more immortal phrases which he might coin.



Loafer. "NA' THEN, GEORGE GRAY, SPRAWLIN' OVER THE TIELE; WHY DON'T YER TIKE THE REST!"

### THIS WEEK'S RIOTS.

COMPLAINTS made of symptoms of poisoning by diners in certain cheap restaurants have led to stringent precautions in the claret industry in the French provinces of D'Ope and Faique. Cavalry occupy the wine-vats, and a prohibitive tariff has been placed on croton oil, French polish, methylated spirits, and pain-killer. This has thrown thousands of employees in the wine business out of work, and, the manufacturers state, entirely destroyed the strong aroma which was the peculiar feature of cheap claret.

Fresh riots have broken out in consequence of the determination of the British Government to support the Pure Milk movement, and make a sharp line of delimitation between the dairies and the pumps and reservoirs of the country.

Great excitement exists in the Midlands over the Standard Bread riots, due to the suppression by the Government of white bread as dangerous to life. Coffee grounds, sawdust and oak varnish had been extensively used to bring flour to the requisite Standard colour, and honest millers have to be protected by a detachment of the Carmelite Fencibles (Harmsworth's Own).

During the operations a White (or Starch Meal) Attacking Force attempted to get through a Brown (or Standard) Defending Force and loot the supplies of germ and semolina. The indignation of the White rioters is all the greater because they assert that no one would want Standard bread if they hadn't been told that they ought to like it.

### A True Story.

#### CHAPTER I.

Scene.—An Elementary School.

Teacher. Can anyone tell me the name of an island near to England?

Elsie. Yarmouth.

Teacher. No, Yarmouth is not an island. It is a sea-coast town—like Brighton.

#### CHAPTER II.

"DEAR MISS—, My little Elsie come home and told me that Yarmouth was not an island, but can you tell her wick way to get into Yarmouth without going over watter it does not matter witch way you go."

From which it appears that Elsie's father is quite with the famous circular in its opinion of elementary-school teachers.

### A CORONATION COMPLAINT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hope you will excuse my writing this letter, and not think I mean any disloyalty by it. For that, I assure you, *Mr. Punch*, I do not. But it is a thing which has grieved me to the heart, and I am sorry to say my husband too is quite *dispirited* about it.

It is the matter of the Coronation gifts to the KING and QUEEN, *Mr. Punch*—I mean those that all the Georges are giving to the KING and all the Marys to the QUEEN. As I say, I don't want to make a fuss or seem disloyal, but I do want to say that I think there is some mistake when my husband and I are left out of it. You wouldn't find loyaller people than us anywhere, *Mr. Punch*, though I say it myself. But when we see all the Georges and Marys (yes, and the Mays and Maries and Miriams too) allowed to contribute to the presents, and us not, it does seem hard. You see, *Mr. Punch*, my husband's Christian name is Marius, and mine is Georgina. I suppose it wouldn't be considered *etiquette* for him to contribute to the QUEEN's gift and me to the KING's?

Yours truly,  
GEORGINA SMITH.

Lavender Hill.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In *Brazenhead the Great* (SMITH, ELDER) MR. MAURICE HEWLETT is back in his old form. "Sing, lady, that sangest erst," he says to his Muse in the "exordial matter" that begins the book, "the seventh son of a seventh son; sing greatly upon thine epic lyre how he hammered sconces, backed and slew"—and when there are sconces to be hammered, and Mr. HEWLETT's blade is out, who would lag behind? Certainly not I. Of how *Brazenhead* deposed the *Duke of Milan*, of how he played the *Count of Picpus*, and of other veracious episodes, mere fragments of the Captain's roaring life, you shall read for your delectation. No modern love-business this time. Let the Muse leave that to her inferiors, and she may have choice of ten centuries in which to run wild. *Brazenhead* himself was indifferent as to a century or two; he was not for an age, but for all time—roughly from 800 to 1,500 A.D. the legends circulate about him. It is thus open to Mr. HEWLETT to give us other books of his epic whenever it pleases him. As long as they are as inspiring as this one he need not be doubtful of pleasing his readers.

Untruths must inevitably be written from time to time, but it is a pity that so many of them should concern the medical profession. At a moment when the last and the silliest of these still rankles, *The Corner of Harley Street*, being some Familiar Correspondence of Peter Harding, M.D. (CONSTABLE), is particularly welcome, for in it is a fair criticism, a complete defence and some high praise of the doctoring trade. Baldly stated, that sounds a little dry, but these thirty letters are by no manner of means dry, because they are anything but a bald statement. They are the casual and unlaboured utterance of a broad mind, the expression of a nature receptive, observant, just and humorous. Their point is made without special pleading, and, for all I know, their author, whoever he may be, never meant to praise or even defend. There are views, nice and of uncommon sense, upon most things modern; there is at the back of them just sufficient continuity of intimate history to keep alive that curiosity, without which one cannot enjoy

reading other people's letters. Lastly, there is an excellent prescription on page 67. The minute I saw the book I knew I should love it; it has that look about it. So I have read it, and now I am going to read it again.

In my humble opinion not many present-day novelists can describe the country life of the rich, whether idle or strenuous, so well as Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. His *Richard Baldock* and *Exton Manor* especially were masterpieces in this kind, and, though I don't think their youngest brother, *The Eldest Son* (METHUEN), quite comes up to them as a story, it has most of the characteristic family virtues. *Dick Clinton*, the eldest son in question,

was a model young Guardsman, with only two loves (*O si sic omnes*), his profession and his home. If he had kept only to these, rejecting all other, except possibly a well-born British Miss, he would not have come into collision with the old-fashioned prejudices of his fox-hunting father. All went well, as they say in the reports of railway accidents, till he had reached his thirty-fifth birthday, by which time, according to the scheduled table of conventional society, he ought to have safely passed the matrimonial junction of St. George's, Hanover Square. But at this point he deliberately jumped the metals, and precipitated a deplorable catastrophe by announcing his intention of marrying the young and charming widow of that notorious old roué, Lord George Dubecc. To the indiscretion of being an American by birth she had added the unpardonable sin of having appeared, though only for a short time, on the musical comedy



Motorist (after a long discussion on the comparative merits of several kinds of petrol). "So, THEN, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, YOU RECOMMEND THE TARTARUS BRAND?"

Manager. "THAT, UNDOUBTEDLY, IS THE MOST RELIABLE."

Motorist. "THEN YOU MIGHT FILL MY AUTOMATIC CIGARETTE-LIGHTER WITH IT."

boards of her native state. Papa Clinton was furious, and vowed that he would cut off his eldest son with as few shillings as the entail would allow. Brother Humphrey, with the astuteness of a Jacob, proceeded to make hay of Dick's prospects, and incidentally a few trusses for his own consumption; and it was only after a time of general discomfort that the tact of Mrs. Clinton, the charm of Mrs. Dick, the patience of her husband, and the ingenuity of Mr. MARSHALL, combined to convince the old man of the error of his ways. The humour of the book seems to me rather artificial, though I should not be surprised to hear that it was taken from life. But the drawing of the characters is throughout admirably natural.